Till with his elder brother Themis
His brackish waues be meynt.
Here growes *Melampode* euery where,
and *Teribinth* good for Gotes:
The one, my madding kiddes to smere,
the next, to heale theyr throtes.
Hereto, the hills bene nigher heuen,
and thence the passage ethe.
As well can proue the piercing leuin,
that seeldome falls bynethe.

Thomalin.

Syker thou speakes lyke a lewde lorrell,
of Heauen to demen so:
How be I am but rude and borrell,
yet nearer wayes I knowe.
To Kerke the narre, from God more farre,
has bene an old sayd sawe.
And he that striues to touch the starres,
oft stombles at a strawe,
Alsoone may shepheard clymbe to skye,
that leades in lowly dales,
As Goteherd prowd that sitting hye,
vpon the Mountaine sayles.
My seely sheepe like well belowe,
they neede not *Melampode*:
For they bene hale enough, I trowe,
and liken theyr abode.
But if they with thy Gotes should yede,
they soone myght be corrupted:
Or like not of the frowie fede,
or with the weedes be glutted.
The hylls, where dwelled holy saints,
I reuerence and adore:
Not for themselfe, but for the sayncts,
Which han be dead of yore.
And nowe they bene to heauen forewent,
theyr good is with them goe:

Theyr sample onely to vs lent,
That als we mought doe soe.
Shepheards they weren of the bet
and liued in lowlye leas:
And sith theyr soules bene now at
why done we them disease?
Such one he was, (as I haue hea
old Algrind often sayne)
That whilome was the first shepl
and liued with little gayne:
As meeke he was, as meeke moug
simple, as simple sheepe,
Humble, and like in eche degree
the flocke, which he did keepe.
Often he vsed of hys keepe
a sacrifice to bring,
Nowe with a Kidde, now with a
the Altars hallowing.
So lowted he vnto hys Lord,
such fauour couth he fynd,
That sithens neuer was abhord,
the simple shepheards kynd.
And such I weene the brethren w
that came from *Canaan*:
The brethren twelue, that kept y
the flockes of mighty *Pan*.
But nothing such thilk shepheard
whom *Ida* hyll dyd beare,
That left hys flocke, to fetch a la
whose loue he bought to deare
For he was proude, that ill was
(no such mought shepheards
And with lewde lust was ouerlay
twayn things doen ill agree:
But shepheard mought be meek
well eyed, as *Argus* was,

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